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Lincoln

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MEMORIAL.

Senate and House of the United States of America:

For ages it has been the custom of people and nations to hold in dear remembrance the name of Him whose life was devoted to His kind and his country.

To him who proclaimed the Declaration of Independence a living reality, eternal "remembrance."

On the Twelfth Day of February, 1809, the soul of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was launched into time.

We, the undersigned, do petition your honorable Assembly, The Senate and House of Representatives, that you do nominate and appoint the Twelfth Day of February a "Legal Holiday," that a universal people may rejoice together in this great gift of God to man.

Alabama,	JOSEPH WARREN.	*North Carolina*,	O. P. RAMSDELL.
Arkansas,	JOHN S. NOYES.	*Ohio*,	HENRY W. BURT.
California,	PETER PAUL.	*Oregon*,	H. UTLEY.
Connecticut,	JOSEPH DART.	*Pennsylvania*,	M. P. BUSH.
Delaware,	A. ALTMAN.	*Alaska*,	O. H. MARSHALL.
Florida,	HIRAM BARTON.	*Dakota*,	W. C. FRANCIS.
Georgia,	LEWIS L. HODGES.	*ONE COUNTRY*,	JULIUS E. FRANCIS.
Illinois,	P. EMSLIE.	*Indian Territory*,	ELIJAH HAWLEY.
Indiana,	JACOB BEYER.	*Rhode Island*,	B. C. RUMSEY.
Iowa,	THEO. BUTLER.	*South Carolina*,	FRED'K HELD.
Kansas,	JAMES C. BARNES.	*Tennessee*,	ROBERT DENTON.
Kentucky,	N. K. HALL.	*Texas*,	W. H. PEABODY.
Louisiana,	HENRY M. KENT.	*Vermont*,	L. J. FLETCHER.
Maine,	WM. H. GREEN.	*Virginia*,	CHARLES W. EVANS.
Maryland,	ISAAC M. SCHERMERHORN.	*West Virginia*,	V. R. HOTCHKISS.
Massachusetts,	FRED. L. DANFORTH.	*Wisconsin*,	J. RIEFFENSTAHL.
Michigan,	WALTER CAREY.	*Arizona*,	WILSON S. BISSELL.
Minnesota,	J. M. HUMPHREY.	*Colorado*,	ALEXANDER BRUSH.
Mississippi,	GEO. MEACHAM.	*District of Columbia*,	GEO. R. BABCOCK.
Missouri,	ORLANDO ALLEN.	*Idaho*,	JOHN WILKINSON,
Nebraska,	F. S. PEASE.	*Montana*,	J. P. DUDLEY.
Nevada,	PASCAL P. PRATT.	*New Mexico*,	S. F. MIXER.
New Hampshire,	E. G. SPAULDING.	*Utah*,	G. R. WILSON.
New Jersey,	OLIVER G. STEELE.	*Washington*,	C. G. FLINT.
New York,	LYMAN K. BASS.	*Wyoming*,	A. T. CHESTER.

[1874].

ESSAY.

Sixty-five years ago to-day began one of the tales which history delights to tell. A life dawned which was to mark an era in the world's progress. Its origin was obscure and poor. None could think, the day it came, that it was to be so great. Its lot was hard. Its growth was sturdy. In the strong school of toil it grew in honesty, sobriety and patience, in independence and modesty, in kindness and humility. It clung to these. It was reverent and aspiring. Whatever might happen, it would not be base. Through no selfish ambition, but by suffrage of fellow-men, the love and honor of a few of whom it had secured, it was summoned to our country's supreme place. There it was appointed to stand, the centre and guide of the nation, while the nation's life and the world's progress hung on the issue of a terrible conflict. How nobly it stood, amid what a rain of sorrows, treacheries, hatreds, labors,—the world's cold eyes fixed upon it and conquered into tender admiration by its inflexible worthiness! How grand it showed to be the qualities which make a true manhood! Their worth is its illuminated lesson. A nation's best possession is its noble children. They are better than wealth; they are wealth's security. They are better than laws; against them there is no law. They are better than constitutions; to keep them in order no constitution is needed. In danger they are its safety. They are law, order, wealth, safety, progress, all in one. And when it dies they are its immortal life, their memory its undying glory.

Of these, surely, is our ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Noble as a boy, noble as a man, he was noble as head and ruler of the nation—perhaps noblest in the unselfish loyalty to Right, which refused even to seize the immortal honor of proclaiming Freedom until he clearly saw it to be his duty. Worthy was he to issue the glorious Proclamation of Emancipation. It was the triumph of his unselfishness and his humility.

"Oh, Truth! oh, Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed;
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the New Day burst!"

"With honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name." —*F. F.*

BUFFALO, N. Y., *February 12th*, 1874.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1809. February 12. 1874.

Ah! well it is, we say,
For men to weave the laurel, and to crown
Their heroes! Well to lift the marble high,
And bid it tell for ages the great deeds
That saved the land! And well to hallow days,
And make them rich with blessed memories,
That cluster round each passing hour, and lay
A beauty and a fragrance on the time!

Well, not for him who sleeps his dreamless sleep,
Whose white hands lie upon a quiet breast,—
But for the men who live and work to-day,
For those who march with slow and weary feet,
For those who lead the people to the fray
And bid them die for Freedom and for God.

This man, whose name is on our lips, whose deeds
Are written in our hearts,—how was he wrought?
What was his nature? Was he high or low?
Did honorable wealth watch his young life,
Or was he nurtured in a lowly way,
And hardened for the conflict from his birth,
And so made ready for his victory?
Short, simple words should tell the simple tale.

A poor white boy within a cabin home,
Held down by the same curse that held the slave;
A lad athirst for wisdom, yet shut in,
And pressed, and hindered by his poverty;
A man with all the roots of greatness hid
By overlying rocks of circumstance.

What shall call out the hero, and uplift
This man of men to his own peerless height?
The long years gave their tribute as they passed,
And hailed him master. All the kindly grace,
The childlike ways, the homely honesty,
The tender love, the loyalty to truth,
That flow and mingle in the gentlest blood,
Were met together in his blameless life.

His story is not old; no need to write
A lengthened page to blazon all his fame.
With sturdy growth he threw off every weight,
And sprang, full-armored, to the battle front,
And led the hosts of Freedom. In his hand
He bore the banner of our liberty,
And made its blood-dyed folds so glorious,
That, for their beauty, we forgot the hand
That held it up amid the fiery storm,
Until we saw him dead beside his trust.

Ah, friends, to-day we sit within this place,
And think of home, and country, and fair hopes,
And all the gifts of Freedom that are ours,
Because such men have lived. Let us be glad
That for a little space their hearts have felt,
Their hands have wrought for all the brotherhood.
Let us break forth in fitting words of praise,
And sing our psalms of triumph, though the flower
Of victory, shining o'er the rescued land,
Is rooted in the martyr's holy grave.—*Mary A. Ripley.*

The New Song.

O Christmas bells! O birthday bells!
Of one true life your story tells,
Whose perfect chords give time and key,
For every age's symphony.

Long your sweet chimes have waked the year
With added strains; we're slow to hear
Unwonted measures; what new rhyme
Breathes deep to lift the waves of time?

When "Peace on earth, good will to men,"—
Your first sweet tune,—is chimed again,
Rings peal on peal, a sterner song,
Whose echoes tell of righted wrong.

Let grateful millions hear the strain,
And shout aloud the glad refrain!
Once shackled slaves, now men set free,
Wake this new song of liberty!

What soldier, martyr, saint or king,
Made life or death an offering
More worth than he whose birth, to-day,
And deeds, a nation's thanks repay?

The thrill that pierced the great world's heart,
That stopped its pulses, bade them start
With indignation, vengeance rife
As ebbed the patriot Lincoln's life—

That thrill it was that taught the bells
Their grand new song; its burthen tells
High thoughts to man, and questions when
His deeds shall wake new strains again.

While pants one soul for freedom's life,
While sinks one heart in slavery's strife,
While power, or passion's might, makes right,
Truth's goal is hidden from our sight.

But long as Christmas bells may chime
Will Lincoln's song be rung in time;
Its brave, true notes, with Christmas cheer,
And "Peace on earth" sing down the year.

—*Mrs. Mary D. Sibley.*

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